of the beggar! We see Him everywhere, in the magnificent mansions, in the lowliest slums, in the solitary cells, in the- awe-inspiring caves, in the *Prahalada's pillar,* in *the- Kuchela's kutee/am.*

We see Him in the holy cell of the saint, alone with the
alone, mindful of no outer world, depending on no material
wants, absorbed in contemplation, rejoicing in poverty^
triumphing in tribulation, abdicating all the senses, conse-
crating all the faculties to the one sacred function of
adoration and meditation.
We see Him even in that deserted, dilapidated, plague-
stricken shed, with the child in its last grasps, with the
mother's heart upon the rack, feeling the agony of phenomenal
separation but hoping for eternal leunion.
We see Him in the tornado of battle, limbs shattered,
heads knocked off, trunks full of gore, nurses and doctors
defying death and seeking service even at the mouth of the
destroying cannon.
We see Him in ourselves, helpless, restless, discarded,
unpitied, sorrowing, penitent sinners, our home a hell,
out bed a rack, our hands clenched in despair and folded in
appeal; our heads burning, burning, burning with the flames
of recollection; our hearts tearing, tearing", tearing with the
earthquakes of remorse ; our souls weeping, sinking, wallow-

ing in the pangs of separation. *
We see Him, our beloved God, everywhere,
in the sand,
in the stream, in the sea, in the gale, on
the mountain, up
in the sky, down in the centre of the earth,
through all spaces,
along all times; in the human heart, in the
saint, even in
the sinner, in prosperity, in adversity,
smiling with the truly
happy, pitying the really sorrowful, wiping
the tear, inspiring
the hope, cheering up, sustaining,
reclaiming with His Loving
Arm, gathering to His Loving Bosom,
harmonising discord,
unifying variety. We realise Him as the
Great Peace-